

## *A Telescope Aimed at the Future*



“I’ve read for you before, haven’t I?” Her face, piercing blue eyes and silvery blonde hair seemed familiar. I was completely unprepared for her reaction.

“Yes,” she muttered reluctantly, glancing away at the white damask tablecloth, deliberately avoiding my gaze. She sat on the edge of her chair while I searched my memory.

“I’m sorry,” she murmured. “Last time I was here, I was very critical. You mentioned that you could see me working in a shop. I had never worked in my life and when you said this, I thought you were guessing. Afterwards, I said I didn’t want your recording. I felt like you were wasting my time.”

As she said this, I remembered her name — Sabine. She had left that session with a cold, dismissive stare, before setting a brisk pace towards the front gate. As she powerwalked up the steep driveway, I thought to myself, “That went well.” I never expected to see her again.

I had clairvoyantly glimpsed an image of her standing beside a shop counter on a quiet day, staring out at the sunny street through the window. When I described the scene, Sabine had looked at me as though I was crazy. She had sighed with disappointment and it was apparent that she felt she had wasted her time travelling across town in pursuit of an accurate prediction.

Sabine had immediately corrected me, by saying she’d never been employed. Her wealthy husband provided a very comfortable life. Sabine’s daily routine involved regular lunches with her girlfriends, gym visits plus shopping and beauty treatments. Her live-in housekeeper took care of daily domestic chores while day staff cooked and maintained the well-manicured gardens. In between trips to Paris and New York to attend fashion events and Monaco to catch up with friends, she also shopped with her sons, nineteen-year-old Marco and fifteen-year-old Lucas.

Feeling pressured by her abrupt, adverse reaction, I intuitively re-scanned ahead into her life and saw the same scene. Usually, when this occurs, I know that the foreseen circumstances are likely to be significant in that person’s life. However, Sabine clearly wasn’t interested in exploring why she might be working in a shop, so I politely suggested that we move on to her more immediate questions.

Afterwards, I wondered if I should have taken more notice of her classic sky-blue leather handbag. The gold fasteners looked expensive, even to a man’s eye. I wondered if I’d misinterpreted what I had seen or simply got it wrong. Sometimes when clairvoyants are stressed or uncentred, accuracy suffers. Perhaps I wasn’t grounded enough when I sat down to read for Sabine.

After berating myself momentarily, I realised I had correctly described some of her friends and family members. She had taken offence at my description of her longer-term future, one far removed from her current reality. As she left, I reminded her that if she knew with certainty what the future held, she wouldn’t need to consult me. She ignored my comment and strode back to her car and her comfortable life.

Today, Sabine seemed different. Her eyes were less judgemental and reflected deep sadness. She didn’t know where to begin. While shuffling the deck, she told me

why she had returned. Two years after her previous reading with me, her husband died suddenly from a heart attack. Her son Marco took over the company without any business experience. Within three years, the firm was bankrupt. While she desperately juggled creditors and tried to find viable solutions, the bank seized the family home to cover outstanding debts. It was a dismal time for her.

Soon they were renting a shabby two-bedroom apartment with their lavish silk curtains spilling down to the cluttered floor as a reminder of better times. At forty-eight years of age, Sabine had to find her first job. She wasn't qualified for a professional position, but after several exhausting months, she found part-time work in a clothing store.

"It was difficult," she sighed. "I lost all of my friends. I couldn't afford to lunch with them. There was no money for shopping. After using up my frequent flyer points, I couldn't travel overseas. I was unable to service my Jaguar, so that was sold. Even my parent's furniture that was in storage for the boys had to be liquidated." She faltered momentarily, exhaling deeply and then continued.

"I lost everything. At least Lucas had finished school. I couldn't have maintained the school fees. One afternoon, I was working alone in the boutique. It was a quiet spring day. I stood staring out into the bright sunshine at a couple of well-dressed women who were shopping, having fun like I once did. They looked tanned, relaxed and carefree. They laughed while packing designer shopping bags into a shiny, black SUV. I imagined them sipping champagne with a lavish lunch, followed by more retail therapy, while I stood in the shadows, enviously glimpsing fragments of my old life. I felt so disconnected from their lifestyle. While they had credit cards for each day of the week, most of my wage was spent before I received them."

⋮ "Then I remembered what you'd told me. You said you saw me ⋮  
⋮ working in a shop. I thought you were a fool back then. I didn't ⋮  
⋮ listen to the rest of your reading. I just wanted to pay your fee ⋮  
⋮ and stop wasting my time. I didn't want the recording, but I ⋮  
⋮ remembered bits of it." ⋮

"It was hard. I had never scrambled to pay a bill before. When Steve died, I couldn't even get out of bed for several weeks and didn't open my mail or email for a month. Suddenly everyone was demanding money. I was drowning in debt and couldn't

pay anybody. So, I closed the blinds, turned off my phone and retreated to bed. My son eventually summoned a doctor who told me that I had two options. I could voluntarily check myself into the psychiatric ward of a hospital or take antidepressants and work my way back into life. It was a different existence: smaller, harder, without a safety net. It was bleak, gruelling and relentless, but one of the hardest parts is that it has taken me eighteen months to save the money to have another session with you. Well, I'm ready to listen now," she said softly.

I sat motionless, holding my breath. I wanted to give Sabine a very clear reading after what she had endured. This weight of responsibility is what many tarot readers experience when reading for others — to clarify a client's available choices without pushing any particular agenda. Sometimes it's complicated, knowing what to look for, how much to say and what to rephrase or edit because the client might not be ready to hear it.

Fortunately, Sabine's harsh personal winter was over, according to the cards she selected. I could see a new love relationship and some study, plus a different career leading to financial independence. She was unlikely to ever return to her long lunches and daily shopping jaunts. Instead, I glimpsed her travelling through Europe with her new partner.

Bleak times are often followed by memorable summers. Had we explored the shop scene in her initial reading, Sabine could have been alerted to her approaching personal hardship. She might have had time to lay the groundwork for changing circumstances. Instead, expectations narrowed her focus and she sailed into uncharted waters, completely unprepared.

Several years after her second reading, I met Sabine again. She remained behind after my talk in a bookshop to tell me that she had met a new man and they had moved in together. She was happy to have a home with a garden again and was considering courses that might improve her career prospects.

"Is that an engagement ring?" I asked.

"Yes, it is," she replied beaming. "When I saw you listed as the speaker tonight, I had a shock. It brought all that hardship back to me. It seems so long ago now. Those were dark days, but you told me that the sun would reappear and it has." I felt happy for her.

Consulting the tarot for guidance about a wise course of action can mean the difference between being successful or living with regrets. The death of her husband would still have occurred but Sabine, having been forewarned, could have been much better prepared. The intervening years might have provided a chance to study for a career

or learn business management or even take a job for work experience in preparation for the devastating changes. Depending on the cards on the table and what I saw clairvoyantly, it is likely I would have told Sabine that sudden change was approaching and that her lifestyle was likely to change drastically as a result. I'd have effectively told her that summer was ending and a long, cold winter was approaching. Knowing in advance gives the client time to prepare.

Secure in the belief that her husband would always be there to support her meant Sabine had little motivation to labour for a living. Most people work because they need to, not because they want to. Knowing ahead of time that a storm is approaching can be shocking, but after the panic subsides, practical options can be explored. Instead, Sabine unexpectedly had the multiple demands of burying her husband, dealing with grief, supporting her sons and staving off bankruptcy. Forewarned is forearmed.

Sometimes, a tarot practitioner has to decide how much information to relay to a client to avoid overwhelming them. Occasionally, a reader might not glimpse any major changes ahead. This can occur when clients want to focus on immediate issues, such as a possible retrenchment, the ill-health of a parent or a floundering relationship. More skilled practitioners allow clients to set the focus of questions but as intuitive abilities strengthen, readers can take a few minutes at the end of a session to psychically look ahead five or even ten years for major opportunities or obstacles. This book is about getting the tarot part of the process right while developing intuition.

Eventually, it's possible to combine personal memory of tarot card meanings with intuitive flashes of specific information. After describing the King of Wands to a client from memory, intuition can offer a more detailed description of the individual such as his favourite hobbies, how he loves to walk his Doberman down by the river after work or that he yearns to buy and renovate an abandoned house in the country.

Intuition can enhance a tarot reading and confirm some of the unique or quirky qualities of the person being described. However, cementing a fundamental knowledge of individual card meanings is essential for those times when personal intuition takes a

holiday. Having studied astrology, I sometimes describe the qualities of a swords person in astrological terms. These individuals have air sign qualities (Gemini, Libra and Aquarius) so they are usually sociable, quick-minded, talkative and curious about people and life. If intuition doesn't flow easily during a reading, despite the reader having clear knowledge of card meanings and other studies (astrology, palmistry etc.), it's possible to flesh out details of a person without seeing the individual in the mind's eye.